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nection with the plot, led to orders for his second ar-
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“skinned out,” and thereby saved his neck from the
rope.

RIOTS IN BALTIMORE.

A Town Meeting was held in Baltimore, on Friday last, convened by notice of the Mayor, in consequence of the riotous symptoms exhibited in Monument Square, on the preceding evening. Resolutions of a temperate and conciliatory character were adopted, which it was expected would arrest all further acts of violence. But, contrary to this expectation, the meeting seemed to create more excitement; and on Friday evening, there was another assemblage in the Square, amounting to several thousands. They began, as on the preceding nights, to shout and throw stones at the house of Mr. Johnson, breaking a large part of the glass in the front windows of the first story, and a few pines in the second. The Patriot says—“They were addressed by the Mayor of the City, and by Mr. Preston, and Gen. Jones of Washington City, the two lat- ter avowed themselves as the Counsel of the Creditors of the Bank, and stated that they confidently expected in a day or two a decision from the Chancellor of the State, favorable to their wishes, and which had only been delayed by his severe sickness. They implored the multitude to desist from all acts of violence and to retire to their homes, but the latter seemed to heed this appropriate and wholesome advice, but continued through the whole time, in a much more angry mood than on the preceding evenings. The whole affair appeared to have been conducted, in the main, without any previous concert of action on the part of the rioters; and the opinion was somewhat prevalent, that an energetic attempt at preserving order, sustained by a strong, well-appointed force, might soon have dispersed the evil-disposed, and restored quiet. With the force actually at his command, the Mayor did all that could have been reasonably anticipated—for a repetition of the disorders of the preceding night was not generally anticipated.

The editors of the *Atlas* received yesterday a letter from their Baltimore correspondent, dated 12 o'clock on Saturday night, which states that about 7 o'clock the mob began to assemble at the usual place, though the Mayor had placed citizens, armed with clubs prepared for the purpose, at each of the avenues leading to Monument Square. The mob made attempts to get at Johnson's house, but were repelled. Stones, missiles, and pistols were fired, and voices and shouts raised. A number of men were severely wounded, among whom is a son of Dr. Baker, who was knocked from his horse, and as he fell, his pistol went off and took effect in his own person. He is said to be dangerously wounded. At about 10 o'clock, the mob, or a portion of it, rushed up Charles-street, to the house of John Glenn, another of the directors of the bankrupt bank, where they quickly broke all the glass in front, and commenced breaking in the front door, which was strongly barricaded. About a dozen men were beating at the door with large stones and axes, for a full half hour, before it gave way, while thousands were looking on, but none to molest the mob. They finally got into the house, and commenced the work of destruction anew. The window sashes were snatched out from top to bottom—then came out from the first, second and third stories, chairs, tables, sideboards, pianos, mirrors, beds, clothes, every kind of linen, carpet, and in fine every kind of rich and costly furniture, which can be imagined—the value of which cannot be less than 6 or 8000. The beds of feathers and down were ripped open in the streets, and the ground was covered ankle deep with their contents. Even the iron railings round the marble door steps, and the steps themselves, are all cut up.

The New York papers of Monday evening mention that eighteen or twenty persons were killed during the night. Further particulars from Baltimore state that seven persons were killed and forty wounded. The mob was not quieted until nearly five o'clock in the morning, and then only for a short time. The Horse Guards were driven from the ground on their first appearance.

beautiful Italian marble portico, supported by four Corinthian pillars—by far the most splendid in Baltimore—was deliberately torn down and broken into pieces.

The mob have now left Johnson's house, and gone to that of John B. Morris, in South street, who is one of the Trustees, who holds the books of the Bank of Maryland. They have broken into the house, thrown out all his elegant furniture, and are now burning it in the street in front of the dwelling.

It is said they will destroy Mr. Ellicott's house (Mr. E. is the other Trustee) and Mr. McElroy's house, both morning. Wherever they go, they find wine in abundance; they drink, and become more and more devilish and hellish in their deeds. Could you bear to see our city at this moment, see the flames, see the multitudes, hear the shouts and yells, you would say they were worse than the days of Robespierre, worse than the three days in Paris—because the people of Paris had something of importance, in comparison, to set them on—had indeed fallen upon Baltimore. Our city has disgraced herself beyond redemption! Never can this stain be wiped off!

You will call us, I fear, a party of cowards!

P. S.—While I write, the engines are rushing by, and fire is cried loud and long.

The Mayor's house has been attacked, and completely gutted of furniture—the mob are about to burn it to the ground, but the latter seemed to heed this appropriate and wholesome advice, but continued through the whole time, in a much more angry mood than on the preceding evenings. The whole affair appeared to have been conducted, in the main, without any previous concert of action on the part of the rioters; and the opinion was somewhat prevalent, that an energetic attempt at preserving order, sustained by a strong, well-appointed force, might soon have dispersed the evil-disposed, and restored quiet. With the force actually at his command, the Mayor did all that could have been reasonably anticipated—for a repetition of the disorders of the preceding night was not generally anticipated.

The Jackson Mississippian of a late date makes the following remarks in regard to the recent excitement and actual state of affairs in that State:

“Much more, in our humble opinion, has been said in the newspapers about a contemplated insurrection amongst the negroes in Mississippi, than was necessary. It has been represented as embracing a great extent of country, and involving a great portion of our slave population. A stranger would suppose, from a perusal of the published accounts, that the whole white population of the State had narrowly escaped massacre and death, by the rising of savage and infuriated blacks. We live in an adjoining county to that where the plot was first discovered, and are convinced from all we can learn, that not one negro in every five hundred ever dreamt of, or was in the slightest degree connected with it. It was confined principally to a single neighborhood, and set on foot and originated by a few degraded and lawless white men. The negroes generally had nothing to do with it, and no testimony has been produced except in one or two neighborhoods, from which the inference can be drawn, that it was anything more than a neighborhood affair.”

[From the Worcester Spy.]

BREACH OF THE PEACE.

A lecture on the subject of slavery was delivered at the Town Hall, on the evening of the 10th inst., by Orange Scott, a distinguished minister of the Methodist Episcopcal Church, and the *Presiding Elder* of the *Providence District*, to a large, respectable, and intelligent audience, among whom were some of those who have sustained and who still hold some of the highest offices in the county and State. We learn,—

“that we were not present,—that the speaker treated his subject in a calm, dispassionate manner, without having uttered a sentiment that could be offensive to any,

and was quietly drawing to a close, uninterrupted, except one or two abortive attempts to create disturbance by a few individuals, when

LEVI LINCOLN, JR.

and

PATRICK DOYLE,

entered the hall, and walked directly up to the desk. The former stepped up in front of it, and seized the lecturer's note, and deliberately tore them in pieces, while Doyle, who is a stout Irishman, passed round into the desk, and laid hold of the lecturer with the apparent intention of dragging him out. One or two persons present here interfered and remonstrated with Doyle on the impropriety of his course, and he desisted. We are glad to learn that there was no attempt to oppose violence to violence, but that the meeting that broke up without further disturbance. This is right. It is wise, it is better, it is more in accordance with christian principle, to suffer wrong than to repeat it by force.

We wish every citizen would consider, coolly, to what these things told. Call those who were at the meeting, fanatics, tools, knaves, or what you will—take it for granted, for the sake of the argument, that they are so, still they were in the legal exercise of their rights.

Others may be, in like manner, by another set to-morrow.

If a Catholic may, with impunity, offer personal violence to a Methodist Minister now, some

else may commit similar violence on a Catholic Priest at another time. We all need the protection of the law, and are bound, in return, to yield obedience to it.

We will suppose a case, which it appears to us is opposite to the present occasion. It is well known that many are opposed to the measures which have led to the temperance reform. In Essex County and some other places, the grocers, and others, in their interest, and under their influence, met and denounced the Temperance Society as *fanatics*—that is the word—those who were meddling with that which was no concern of theirs, and were improperly interfering with their business, which they were prosecuting under the authority and with the sanction of the law. Now, suppose when the Temperance Convention was in session in this town, that some of these men had gone into it for the purpose of hissing and creating a disturbance, suppose one of them had gone up to Gov. Lincoln, who presided among these fanatics, and wrested his papers from his hands, while another should attempt to drag him from the hall, or to offer any other personal violence to him.—Ah, but that alters the case—indeed, it does after the case!

WASHINGTON CITY, August 7.

The first fruit.—A circumstance of a shocking character, and what was within a second of time of resulting in the perpetration of a most bloody tragedy, occurred in this city two nights ago, which, viewing it as one of the effects of the fanaticism of the day, and one of the immediate fruits of the incendiary publications with which this city and the whole slaveholding portion of the country have been lately inundated, we have concluded it to be our duty to make public. On Tuesday night last, an attempt was made on the life of Mrs. Thornton, of this city, the much respected widow of the late Dr. Thornton, Superintendent of the Patent Office, by a young Negro man, her slave, which, from the expression he used, was evidently induced by reading the inflammatory publications referred to above. About half past 1 o'clock, in the dead of the night, Mrs. T.'s chamber, in which slept herself, her aged mother, and a woman servant, was entered by the Negro, who had obtained access to it by forcing the outer door. He approached the bed of Mrs. T. with an uplifted axe. She was, fortunately, awoken by his step, and still more fortunately the negro woman, the mother of the man, was also awake. As he approached the bed of his mistress, the latter sprang up, seized and held him, while Mrs. T. escaped from the room, rushed to the door of the next house, the residence of Dr. Hunt, whom she roused by her cries. On reaching the entry of Mrs. T.'s house, Dr. H. found that the mother of the negro had succeeded in forcing him out at the back door and locking it. Finding, however, that but one person had come to the assistance of the family, he endeavored again to force an entrance with his axe, and finally continued his efforts, notwithstanding the party had been strengthened by the presence of a gentleman, who resided with Dr. Hunt, and who had also been roused by Mrs. T.'s cries for help; and it was not until after the arrival of two constables, and hearing their voices as they entered the passage in front, that he desisted and fled. Had they approached the house by the rear, the negro would have been arrested; but as it was, he escaped and has not yet been apprehended. During the whole time that he was endeavoring to force a second entrance into the house, he was vending the most ferocious threats, and uttering a tissue of jargon, much of which was a liter-

al repetition of the language addressed to the Negroes by the incendiary publications above referred to. Believing that his bloody purpose was in part at least, if not altogether, the effects of those publications, and that such deeds must be the natural consequence of their dissemination, we have concluded, not however, without some hesitation, to make the occurrence public, as well for the information of our northern fellow citizens at large, as for that of the Fanatics themselves, who may not be aware of the tendency of their labors.

—Nat. Intelligencer.

BOSTON.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1835.

MRS. CHILD—DR. HOWE.

During my absence, two or three letters were published in our columns from Dr. Howe, of this city, respecting the admission of a colored boy into the Institution for the education of the Blind. We present, to-day, sufficient evidence to substantiate the heavy charge against the Dr. and the Institution, which he would fail repeat. The temper which he manifests in his letters is spleenetic and abusive, and evidently full of conscious guilt. It is well, perhaps, that he has made up his mind to “avoid all further newspaper discussion of the subject”—and even more of wisdom would he have shown, if he had remained wholly silent. The sneering language which he addresses to Mrs. Child, an unworthy any man who makes the least claim to decency and good manners—“Your very polite and courteous letter”—a spirit which would fain make even black appear white!—I would confidently appeal to any other person than yourself, Madam!—whose daily food is excitement, and who can breathe but in the whirlwind of passion!—no one ever supposed you admitted the possibility of good being done, except in your way!—to say that I was surprised by such conduct on your part, would be to say that I did not know you!—&c. And why this irate? Simply because Mrs. Child, in a rather disrespectful letter addressed to Dr. Howe, attempted to show, (what is now placed beyond cavil,) that there was abundant foundation in truth for the story, that a boy had been refused admission to the Institution for the Blind, on account of his color, and that his exclusion was mainly owing to Dr. Howe. It is vain that he attempts to escape by a few paltry quibbles: the facts are plain, and will not admit of a direct denial. We presume the authority of ex-Governor Lincoln and Benjamin Davenport, Esq. will satisfy the public; but we have other testimony to produce, if needed. The hideous fact then remains, that notwithstanding the liberal aid given by the State to the Blind Institution, on condition that it should receive and educate twenty blind children, a lad has been rejected on account of his color, and he is compelled to grope in darkness which else might be enjoying the inestimable blessings of sight. When a class of colored blind boys present themselves for admission, then, prudently, this poor victim of an unholly prejudice may be received within the walls of the Institution; but, till then, if no longer, he must remain in darkness!

BOSTON, July 27, 1835.

MY DEAR SIR—

Dr. Howe has written a letter to Mrs. Child, in which he denies the fact of his having rejected or advised the rejection, or that there has been any rejection of a colored pupil or pupils at the Blind Institution; and says that Mr. Davenport's letter is an “imperfect and disingenuous statement of the case,” and was known to that gentleman to be so; that he, Dr. Howe, never stated or authorized what a *third person*, meaning (as I suppose) the Governor, told Mr. Davenport; that people cannot be expected to believe a statement on abolition authority; that he has always maintained, that it is “an imperative duty” to admit colored pupils, and that arrangements are now being made for that purpose. You will have seen the letter of Mrs. Child in the Liberator. It was in answer to that letter, that the Dr. wrote the one to which I have now referred. I should be glad to have the means of establishing the exact truth on this subject. If Dr. Howe has been wronged, he shall, if it is in my power, be righted. I have already obtained the certificate of one young man who was a pupil in the Institution, at the time, and this confirms all which has ever been said. I suppose the real fact is, that for the sake of “decent appearances,” a rule was passed two years ago to admit colored pupils; that in practice, however, there has been, until very lately, a design to exclude them; that the notoriety and scandal which had occurred in consequence, has now led to the preparation of a *Liberia* in the back yard, to which the blind blackies are to be colonized.

Now, my friend, this is a scheme, which *every abolitionist*, so far as I know their sentiments, thinks worse than the first, because it is nourishing the root of the evil of slavery. If you please, I wish you would furnish me with a certificate from Mr. Davenport and one from yourself, and any other evidence within your reach, to establish the facts set forth in Mr. Davenport's letter and in the journal of our Convention of 1834.

Very respectfully your friend and servant,

D. L. CHILD.

EFFINGHAM L. CAPRON.

UXBRIDGE, 8 mo. 4th, 1835.

DAVID L. CHILD:

Respected Friend—Your letter of the 27th ult. was duly received. I have had an interview with Benjamin Davenport, and fully corroborates every statement, that has been made relative to the blind boy. I mentioned several circumstances respecting his application to Dr. Fisher, for the admission of the boy into the Asylum, and the subsequent rejection of the application, which must satisfy every candid person, that Dr. Howe has been mistaken. He has engaged to write thee by to-morrow's mail, and give a detailed account of the transaction. He is a gentleman of the first respectability; and whatever he may say on the subject, will be received with entire confidence by those who are acquainted with him. It is fortunate in this case, that he is not only not guilty of the sin of Garrisonism, but, I believe, he has never been suspected; therefore, he is a competent witness in the case. But I understand by Dr. Howe's last letter, that my testimony will be rejected; therefore, it is fortunate for me, that I have no personal knowledge of the transaction. I received B. Davenport's letter while attending the Legislature; I immediately consulted my friend Garrison on the subject; he recommended me to thee; thou knowest what was done by thyself and Davenport. My engagements at home prevented me from being at Boston much during the winter; besides, I considered it a hopeless case. Further thy deponent saith not.

I remain thy friend,

EFFINGHAM L. CAPRON.

MENDON, Aug. 4, 1835.

D. L. CHILD, Esq.

My Dear Sir—Your letter of the 27th ult., to Mr. Capron, was handed to me with a request to answer it. When I noticed the grant of the Legislature of \$6000 per annum, to the Institution for the Education of the Blind, I wrote immediately to my friend, Dr. J. D. Fisher, requesting him to enter the name of S. D. Anthony, the Blind Colored Boy, in the Secretary's office, which he did, and assured me there was no doubt he would be admitted, if there should not be more than twenty applications for the bounty of the State. Subsequent to the time, the Governor was to examine the applications. Not receiving a certificate for admitting said boy, I called at the Secretary's office, and was informed that there were only thirteen applications, but the colored boy was not admitted. The Secretary informed me, that the Governor had some consideration with Dr. Howe on the subject, and he believed he was rejected on account of his color. I therefore called on Dr. Fisher, and he gave me his opinion, that he would be admitted after they had removed to the house in Pearl-street, where there would be more room; but after

their removal, I was informed that the Trustees had decided not to admit any colored persons, until there should be a sufficient number of applications to form a class of colored persons. Apprehending that that might not be the case until this boy would be too old to be admitted, I called on Gov. Lincoln, and obtained

LITERARY, MISCELLANEOUS AND MORAL.

LITERARY.

BROKEN TIES.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.
The broken ties of happier days,
How often do they seem
To come before our mental gaze,
Like a remembered dream;
Around us each disengaged chain
In sparkling ruin lies,
And earthly hand can ne'er again
Unite those broken ties.

The parents of our infant home,
The kindred that we loved,
Far from our arms, perchance may roam,
To distant scenes removed;
Or we have watched their parting breath,
And closed their weary eyes,
And sigh'd to think how sadly death
Can sever human ties.

The friends, the loved ones of our youth,
They too are gone or changed,
Or, worse than all, their love and truth
Are darkened and estranged;
They meet us in a glittering throng,
With cold, avered eyes,
And wonder that we weep our wrong,
And mourn our broken ties.

Oh! who in such a world as this,
Could bear their lot of pain,
Did not one radiant rope of bliss,
Unclosed, yet remain?—
That hope the Sovereign Lord has given,
Who reigns beyond the skies:—
That hope unites our souls to Heaven,
By truth's enduring ties.

Each care, each ill of mortal birth
Is sent in pitying love,
To lift the lingering heart from earth,
And speed its flight above;
And every pang which rends the breast,
And every joy that dies,
Tells us to seek a softer rest,
And trust to holier ties.

FEMALE FAITH.

BY MISS LANDON.

She loved you when the sunny light
Of bliss was on your brow;
That bliss has sunk in sorrow's night,
And yet she loves you now.

She loved you when your joyous tone
Taught every heart to thrill;
The sweetness of that tongue is gone,
And yet—she loves you still.

She loved you when you proudly slept,
The gayest of the gay;
That pride the bright of time has swept,
Unlike her love away.

She loved you when your home and heart
Of fortune's smile could boast
She saw that smile decay—depart—
And then she loved you most.

O such the generous faith that grows
In woman's gentle breast;
'Tis like that star that stays and glows
Alone in night's dark vest.

That stays because each other ray
Has left the lonely shore,
And that the wanderer on his way
Then wants her light the more.

[From the Landmark.]
THE VOICE OF THE GOSPEL TO THE SLAVE.

Come to the Lamb of God!

Ye helpless captives, come!

He bought you with his precious blood,

And Heaven shall be your home.

Come forth into the light,

Ye in darkness lie!

Break from the cloud that veils your sight;

The Lord is passing by!

Come to the Lamb of God!

His love shall set you free,

And you shall sound his praise abroad

Through all eternity.

Lord, when shall thy sweet voice

Cheer the heart-broken slave?

And every captive soul rejoice

In Him who died to save?

Speed on the blissful hour,

When chains and stripes shall cease,

And rescued millions own thy power,

Triumphant Prince of Peace!

[From the Christian Mirror.]

A LITTLE BOY TO HIS FATHER,

AT SUNRISE, ON A MORNING IN SPRING.

Father, awake! it is not night;

The sun is up, the sky is bright—

The birds have left their leafy nests;

And joys are struggling from their breasts.

I cannot sleep, I hear them say,

'Morn is the childhood of the day;

Be up, for morn in life's career,

Should be as cheerful, bright, and dear.

Come forth and breathe the balmy air,

A thousand sweets are floating there,

A thousand sounds are mingling wild,

Come forth with us, food working child.

Father, awake! and take thy boy

To hear this matin burst of joy,

To see the world all bright with dew—

Father, I want to go with you.

You told me, God, though very high

Above the sun, above the sky,

Is praised by creatures here below—

The birds are praising him, I know.

And those soft twinklings of the leaves,

With every mean the ocean leaves,

Are all to him a grateful song—

Father, how can you sleep so long?

My little hymns, I think would please

His listening ear, as well as these,

If thou wouldst wake, and teach my tongue

To join the birds in morning song.

I hear them now among the trees;

I hear the humming of the bees—

It seems as though my heart would break—

Father, dear father, do awake!

THE HAPPY VESTAL.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot!
The world forgetting, by the world forgot;
Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind!
Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd;
Labor and rest that equal periods keep;
Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep;
Desires compos'd, affections ever ev'n;
Tears that delight, and sighs that wait to heav'n.
Grace shines around her with serene beams,
And whispering angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
And wings of seraphs abed divine perfumes.—PURP.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LETTERS FROM CONSTANTINOPLE.

Commodore Porter represents many things as very different from the general belief, founded upon the relations of preceding travellers—correct enough no doubt at the time when they were written, although wide of the truth in the existing state of things.—N. Y. Com. Adv.

Speaking of the modern Turkish uniform, which is almost a copy of the Christian, he says:—

"In adopting this dress, they forgot to adopt the European shirt, collar and frill; and they continue still to wear, when they do wear a shirt (not a very common circumstance) the long Turkish shirt, made like a smock, reaching to the ankles. The consequence is that the whole of this surplus linen has to be disposed of around and about the seating part of the pantaloons, and although it may be very comfortable in a sedentary position, has a very queer look when they are erect and in motion. They might safely defy the bas-tinado inflicted on that part at least, and perhaps even a musket ball. Those who have shortened their under garment, so as to be able to dispose of it conveniently, have dispensed with it altogether, seem to be of very fair proportion and appearance; the others resemble somewhat the bottle-tail spider, or jacko with his tail coiled away in his trowsers."

There is some good philosophy in the reasoning which concludes the following passage:

"I sent you, at different times, the biographies of several living and recently dead distinguished Turkish dignitaries. You will observe that without exception have taken their origin from common life, and with the exception of Halil Pacha, have risen from the lowest ranks, and are without education. Thus you see how extremes meet in governments as well as in every thing else. In our Republic, certainly the freest country in the world, distinctions of birth weigh as nothing, and any man may aspire to honors and office. It is the same thing in Turkey, one of the purest despotisms on the face of the earth. The cause, however, of this apparent similarity is as different as day and night. In the United States, this general eligibility to office, is owing to the universal equality recognized in the laws and the constitution: in Turkey there is the same equality in the eye of the Sultan, who is placed at such an immeasurable distance above the rest of mankind, that they all appear to him like pygmies in the same size and dimensions. The barber and bashaw are equally slaves. Here is a cloud of philosophy for you."

A chapter on fire engines, with an anecdote:

"I must, while I think of it, mention another anecdote respecting the old Capudan Pacha, to show his peculiar way of thinking. You must know that it has not been very long since fire engines have been introduced into Constantinople for the purpose of extinguishing the frequent fires which happen there. These fire engines are like those we use in our gardens, for watering the beds and walks, and deliver about as much water as a good large syringe. When an alarm is given of fire, a man seizes one of these and runs to the spot indicated, with the engine on his shoulder, another brings a skin of water, pours it into the reservoir, and they pump away. The water discharged being soon converted into hydrogen gas, serves to keep alive the flames and increase the conflagration. They had heard of the fire engines and fire companies of the United States—how half a shingle could be burnt and the engines save the other half from the flames. They could not understand it. Mr. Eckford fortunately arrived with his beautiful ship, having one of our engines on board, requiring some twenty men to work it. The Capudan Pacha heard of it—'Mash Allah! let us see it,' exclaimed the old man. The engine was brought on shore and placed in the navy yard; a short succession was fixed to it and put into the Bosphorus; men were set to work at it; the navy yard was soon inundated, and the Bosphorus began to run dry. 'Mash Allah!' said he, 'very good—but it will require a sea to supply it with water. It won't do for us, for there is no sea in the middle of the city.' They have therefore thought best to stick to their squirts, and let the fire spread, until the wind changes or it is tired of burning."

Here is an illustration of the course of trade in Constantinople; if the first article spoken of were almost any thing but a pipe mouth-piece, the extract would apply just as well to New-York or London.

It is utterly impossible to make any sort of calculation or estimate of the number of persons employed in the khans and bazars, and of the purchasers who visit them. Almost every shop, however small, is occupied; and in a great many instances, a little shop of not more than six feet extent, will have two occupants, with distinct interests. It is the same in the khans. Besides this, there are thousands of itinerant vendors, whose whole stock in trade does not amount to half a dozen piasters; and yet this capital will double itself half a dozen times a day. For example, a man will obtain on credit or purchase a pipe mouth-piece from among some old trash in the bazaars, or from some person in want, for four or five piasters, he cleans it up to show to advantage, then tries it through the bazaars, with a loud voice, for sale, and the 'last bid' he had for it, (although he never had bid) generally half as much again, or as much again as it cost. Still the mouth-piece is cheaper than a new one, and equally as good. The Turks are a nation of smokers, and smokers will have mouth-pieces; and as some cannot afford to buy new ones, they get the cheapest they can. He is not long in getting a purchaser. In a few minutes afterward, you will meet the same person with a pair of half worn breeches, crying them up 'as good as new—twenty piasters—the last bid,' for what cast him from six to ten. Every body wears breeches in Turkey. It is inconceivable the bellowing these fellows keep up, and the rapidity with which they elbow themselves through the crowd. The women are great traffickers, and thousands of them every day attend the bazaars to sell some of their household goods, or part of their dress, or ornaments, to raise cash. For this purpose also these running auctioneers are employed. It is, in fact, one of the most busy and animated scenes in the world, and I never tire in visiting the bazaar."

Artificial Stone.—We are proud of our Quincy granite, as affording an excellent material for building—but it is not unlikely that in a few years granite and marble will be suffered to remain unmolested—and stone of any kind, and in blocks of any size, will be manufactured to order. An English paper states that a system of making stone from a composition of lime, gravel, &c., is now in successful operation at Lytham, in England. Stones to any pattern are made in the most perfect form, and which, for beauty and neatness of appearance, cannot be exceeded by real stone! The whole process of making, facing and polishing a stone of 5 cwt., after the materials are prepared, does not occupy more than twenty minutes. It is rather soft at first, and requires some time to harden before it can be safely placed in the building; but it hardens in time, until it is in a state of petrefaction, perhaps harder and more durable than the ordinary quality of English quarry stone. This artificial stone has already come into general use at Brighton, and some very large buildings in London are now being constructed of it.—Boston Post.

THE COMMOTION IN MISSISSIPPI.

There is a novel species of moral casuistry attached to the massacres which have lately occurred at the South, which to us is the most revolting of the whole affair. As our own opinions respecting gambling and gamblers are exactly expressed in the ensuing remarks, for we hold all men who play at games of chance for money, to be equally criminal thieves as house breakers and pickpockets; we have nothing to offer in extenuation of their knavery. But we cannot see that stealing which, until very lately, was legalized by the State of Louisiana, and the license to perpetuate it with impunity constituted a part of the public revenue, can so suddenly have become nuisance of such magnitude, that nothing less than outrages murders in their most atrocious and sanguinary form could expiate it. We have an utter repugnance to those people of respectability at Vicksburg. It is a most awful basque upon all truth and decorum to call such men anything else but banditti of the most ferocious turpitude. The state of morals in Mississippi can easily be understood from the fact that a ruffian named Bodley, who headed the murderous gang, is called 'a gentleman of great worth'; a second of the gang is pronounced a 'gentleman of respectability'; the 'Cashier of the Planters' Bank' ordered Yankee Doodle to be played, to drown the cries of the murdered; Captain Barnard, and forty military volunteers in arms superintended the whole affair; and to sanctify the slaughter, all those murders were openly perpetrated on the Lord's day morning, and the five men were kept hanging in their usual dress, and with faces uncovered in derision, during 24 hours; and their corpses were then thrown into a hole dug near the gallows. All that butchery, be it remembered, was done by 'gentlemen of great worth and respectability,' on a Sabbath morning, in one of the towns in Mississippi. Worthless and detestable as is a gambler; and bad as those victims of ferocity may have been, although we have no doubt that the murders were perpetrated only as a retaliation for the money which was lost, as is manifest from the murderers stealing all the money which the slaughtered men possessed and dividing it among themselves—guilty and loathsome as may have been the gamblers, yet 'the gentlemen of great worth and respectability,' as they are mischievously called, who hanged five American citizens upon a Sabbath morning, and danced and shouted to the tune of Yankee Doodle for 24 hours around the horrible massacre, are as deep below them in crime as the mouth of hell from the farthest end of the bottomless pit.

Twenty or more other persons have also been summarily murdered, without charge, evidence, or trial. We have no doubt that when the secrets shall be developed, it will appear to be nothing else than the effect of personal envy and revenge; the larger confederacy of losing gamblers, and other villains, having effused their vengeance upon a less numerous and powerful, but more crafty and successful gang of plunderers. The latter were knaves of the worst character; and the former have added to their gambling villainy, the blood guiltiness of a massacre executed with all the deliberation and ferocity of a Popish Auto da fe! The Lord have mercy upon those miserable sinners; and upon our country which permits such turpitude with impunity, and thereby virtually justifies the iniquity of the sin!"—Protestant Vindicator.

MOBS AND MOB LAW.

The crisis to which our republican government is already approaching by the fearful and portentous evils of violence, mob-law and popular combustion will furnish a sufficient apology for reverting so often to the subject. If any thing will overturn and destroy our government, it is mob-law, set on foot or encouraged by secret societies or secret intrigue.

How is it at the North? Certain editors are constantly drumming up for mob recruits—branding the best of men with the foulest epithets of reproach—fanatics—incendiaries—miscreants, &c., &c., and then upbraiding the citizens for not seizing upon them and inflicting 'summary justice.' They then charge the abolitionists, for exercising the constitutional right of peaceably assembling and freely discussing an important subject, with getting up an excitement!—disturbing the peace; saying if there is no law to stop these incendiary meetings, there is some other way." Some of the New York journals, particularly the Courier & Inquirer and Commercial Advertiser, after succeeding in raising a mob and committing gross outrages on the persons and property of eminent and virtuous citizens, a year or two since, upbraided the mob for their tameness in not completing their work by larring and feathering.

Who can doubt, but that the immense mobs, which have repeatedly disturbed the peaceful city of Philadelphia of late, by attacking the defenseless colored people and committing the grossest outrages on their persons and properties, were instigated and managed by slaveholders and their advocates? And who can doubt or mistake the motives of northern editors, who have been preparing the minds of the lawless for months past, for mobs and riots? For what good purpose is the Boston Atlas trying to get up a meeting of citizens in Faneuil Hall? Not for liberty but for slavery—for seconding and supporting the late meeting of slaveholders in New York.

We are sorry to perceive the Boston Evening Transcript, usually a very decent paper, following in the same mean track, using the same low, contemptible, billingsgate language as the Boston Commercial Gazette.

If Mr. Lynde M. Walter is not ashamed of this language, he has less regard for his own character as an editor, than we have hitherto felt disposed to entertain for him.—Thompson, 'The Wandering Insurrectionist'—'Vagabond'—'The Englishman'—a foreigner! These are the terms used by an American editor to a gentleman from abroad, who, if he had come to our shores in favor of slavery and oppression, instead of coming as a friend of freedom and humanity, would have been overwhelmed with the most fulsome adulations. He would have been extolled, as the greatest philanthropist and the greatest orator of the age, all of which might be said with much less exaggeration than these *slavish* aristocrats are wont to bestow upon their favorites.

The cowardly suggestions of violence thrown out to the populace on every occasion of this kind are most detestable. It is indeed sickening to hear these 'dough faces,' as Randolph once called the Northern advocates of Southern Slavery, tell of our 'Southern brethren,' and at the same time tell the populace to 'put down' any one who dares speak against slavery, 'a Boston audience, we trust, will always have the dignity and spirit to do like.' This is the language of one of those Boston editors, who are always ranting about the fanaticism, incendiaries, &c., &c. Shame on such conduct.—Lynn Record.

Building for Free Discussion.—Several meetings have recently been held in Boston by the friends of freedom of speech for the purpose ofconcerting measures to erect a building, which shall be open to all parties and sects without distinction for the orderly discussion of any subject which may be agitated in the community. This is a praiseworthy object, and we certainly wish them success. Since it has been discovered that the old 'cradle of liberty' has become a place where tyranny can no longer be assailed—since that consecrated hall has passed under the control of men who have no sympathy for the oppressed, if they chance to possess a skin a few shades darker than that of the common mass of our citizens—those who tremble to hear the conduct of an oppressor arraigned, if so be he is an American and the victim of his oppression a slave, it is certainly time that the real friends of freedom and republicanism should erect another temple where the voice of untrammeled, unrestrained liberty—liberty to all who have been guilty of no crime, may be raised without restraint. That narrow, exclusive, dashtastic spirit which is now rife in the community, which shuts up public halls and churches, and turns the fury of mobs against those who do not happen to fall in with the popular modes of thinking, must be met and subdued. Our institutions are or should be founded on the solid basis of reason and justice, and they ought to be able to stand the test of the most rigid investigation. But from the extreme caution with which some subjects are approached, and the wincing that is seen when an examination into them is proposed, it is manifest that there is unsoundness and corruption to which the light of day would prove destructive. But these subjects must be examined and probed to the bottom—this is the genius of the times, and if these examinations cannot be had by the means already established, others will be resorted to effect the object. Masonry and slavery have been subjects from which every ray of light has been carefully excluded, but the time for secrecy and silence has gone by.

—Hallowell Free Press.

Insurrection of slaves in Cuba.—We have been following the following extract of a letter giving a more detailed account than has yet been published of the disturbance among negroes in the